

## CURLY-HAIRED CLARE

Clare had curly hair. She had the curliest hair of [supper/ anyone/ grape] in the second grade. It hung [down/ hello/ sheet] in foot-long ringlets. Yes, Clare had curly [hair/ still/ meet].

"Hey! Curly Clare!" shouted someone. Clare [broke/ would/ truck] not turn around. "Curly-haired-Clare, Curly-haired-Clare," [she/ cast/ wet] heard. "That's not my name," said Clare [draw/ year/ with] tears in her eye. "Please stop [a/ it/ or]. Leave me alone. My name is Clare, Clare Potts."

Clare [was/ job/ hut] sad as she walked home with [golf/ her/ laps] friend, Daryl. "Why do people make [cup/ star/ fun] of me? They are so mean," [body/ earn/ said] Clare. Daryl thought for a minute. [Big/ He/ How] said, "Yes, it is mean. But [bat/ do/ sip] you remember calling Terry a 'smarty-pants' [be/ hop/ on] Monday only because he made an A? [Sew/ Was/ You] made a C and you were [mad/ cat/ play]."

"I know," said Clare, "but it [is/ low/ we] not the same. They are making [at/ fun/ bee] of the way I look, not [about/ been/ know] how smart I am. Anyway, I [him/ dew/ was] not trying to be mean to Terry. [Be/ I/ So] was just mad at myself for [horns/ cookie/ making] a low grade."

"I think it [rest/ bell/ hurt] Terry's feelings anyhow. People always tease [him/ rat/ sip]--like calling him 'bookworm' because he [yes/ is/ go] so smart," said Daryl.

Then he [read/ had/ into] to go. His house was on [sign/ hurt/ the] next street.

Clare headed for her [house/ chase/ feet]. As she was walking to her door, [hop/ she/ put] looked down the street and saw Miss Lowe. Miss Lowe [was/ cap/ one] the most beautiful woman Clare had [gone/ play/ ever] seen. She was very tall and [down/ had/ ten] long, dark hair that matched her [big/ what/ tell] brown eyes. She had a sweet [tray/ smile/ bone] and waved down the street to Clare. Clare returned [the/ job/ tall] wave and the smile. She sighed [as/ eat/ cot] she thought how nice it would [tip/ lad/ be] to look like Miss Lowe.

Later [about/ drum/ that] day, Clare helped Mom in the [yard/ piano/ rock]. She saw Miss Lowe working in [sun/ push/ her] yard. Clare walked down the street [bit/ fun/ to] say hello. Miss Lowe was happy [cat/ to/ as] have a visitor while she worked.

"[Own/ How/ Is] are you, Clare?" she asked. "I'm [sad/ his/ was]," said Clare. "Everyone calls me [letter/ names/ wind] because I have curly hair. I [wish/ blow/ four] I looked like you." Miss Lowe laughed. [She/ Will/ Lie] said that people used to call [old/ her/ yelp] "Too-Tall-Tracy" in school. Clare [paint/ feed/ could] not believe it! Miss Lowe was [add/ we/ so] pretty.

"We all have been hurt [by/ now/ is] mean names. You just have to remember [how/ wet/ five] it feels," said Miss Lowe.

Clare thought [stone/ birds/ about] Terry. She smiled and knew she [would/ gone/ money] never call names again.